

The Oxford County Citizen.

VOLUME XXVIII—NUMBER 47

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1923.

4 Cents Per Copy—\$2.00 PER YEAR

BOY SCOUT NEWS

Relay "Ginger"
The following statements from various Relay Towns sounds like something doing.
Bumford—"Good luck to the Relay."
R. Polat-Hanover—"Just leave that 11 miles to us."
Bethel—"We're in to win!"
Lockes Mills—"You can reckon on us, Perham."
Bryants Pond—"Leave it to Woodstock."
West Paris—"We're all set for the 23th."
Norway—"Leave it to Norway to do her share."
Oxford—"Don't worry about Oxford."
Buckfield—"Boys on edge for the Relay."
Canton—"Troop 1, says she is going to win that relay."
Dixfield—"Gibbertville to Dixfield O. K."
Mexico—"We're still alive—don't worry."

Bethel's New Scoutmaster a Five Year Veteran in Scouting.

People interested in the welfare of Bethel boys and Scouting will be glad to know that Rev. Chester B. Oliver is to take charge of Troop 1, Bethel for the following year. Mr. Oliver's well known interest in boys will apply well to Bethel Scouting.

Mr. Oliver has already gained an enviable position in Scouting circles. He is one of a comparatively few Scoutmasters to hold the five year Veteran rank. He was in charge of Troop 1, Wayne, Maine for two years and followed this closely with three years service at Elliot, Maine. Mr. Oliver succeeded Mr. Chester Howe who resigned for lack of time to apply to the work. Mr. Howe took charge of the Bethel troop at a time when it seemed impossible to get a scoutmaster. Seven scouts gained advanced degree badges during his term. Much credit is due for the volunteer work and for carrying things along until a man of Mr. Oliver's experience could be gained. Scoutmaster Oliver took the Bethel scouts to the Oxford County Camp during the summer 1922.

Oakland-Auburn Trip—Council "Good Turn."

Scouts know what a "Good Turn" is whether it is Personal, Troop, Patrol. Yet some of them wouldn't be able to describe a Council Good Turn any better than as follows—"best of the other fellow." They would hit it just right anyway for a "good turn" is a good turn whether small or large.

On Wednesday evening, April 11th, Executive Perkins spoke on Scouting to some forty scouts at Oakland, saw the organization of a new troop, and assisted in fully organizing the Oakland Scout Board, after the regular scout meeting. Oakland aways scouting regards with Oxford County and are trying hard to ginger up Kennebec County along Scouting lines. At Auburn, on the following evening, Executive Perkins spoke at the Recreation Institute held at the City Hall under the auspices of the Auburn Community Service. The Auburn Community Service is doing a great work in Recreational and Playground work and is a popular organization around Auburn. Community Service recognizes no boundaries and assists various organizations such as Y. M. C. A., Boy Scouts, Y. W. C. A., American Legion etc.

Bethel Scouts Held Good Land-Of Meeting.

The scout meeting held Tuesday evening was the scene of much enthusiasm and real work. Fifteen scouts and Executive Perkins were on hand to give Scoutmaster Chester B. Oliver a rousing good welcome. Troop 1, played its role in support behind Mr. Oliver for 1923. The 100 Mile Relay race was the heavy subject of the evening and kept the hot boiling for the evening. Walter Penrose was elected Captain, Glen H. action was elected as Telephone Treasurer, and Rex Bennett gained the position as Distance Recorder. Booklets plans for training were made and every Bethel scout is looking for their team to win out O. K.

Scout Frederick Clark was unanimously elected as Treasurer of Troop 1. The following month will be a drive for new recruits and every Bethel boy of 13 years up is cordially invited to place his name on the list of New Scouts for 1923.

Troop 1, Bethel, Maine.

The following letter from Troop 1, Bethel, Maine, dated April 19th, 1923.
Of April 19th, the following scouts were present: John H. Bennett, Scoutmaster; Leslie Engstrom, First Class; P. Bennett, B. McCaughey, L. Bennett, H. Welch, H. Fernald, H. Welch, K. Mac-

BENJAMIN A. SUKEFORTH

Sudden Death of Esteemed Young Port Fairfield Citizen Sunday Afternoon, April 8.

Benjamin Atwood Sukeforth, son of John N. Sukeforth and the late Agnes Johnston of Port Fairfield, who had been in poor health for some time, and who was taken sick with the grip April 5, died at his home Sunday afternoon, April 8. He had not been in the best of health for some time.

Mr. Sukeforth was born October 22, 1900. His mother died when he was only three years old. The deceased was married August 10, 1921, at Camp Ellerydell, Lockes Mills, near Bethel, to Miss Adelaide Gibson Edwards, daughter of Mrs. Alfordetta A. Edwards and the late D. E. Edwards of Port Fairfield. One daughter was born to them, Mary Edwards, who survives. Mr. Sukeforth also leaves, besides his widow, his aged father and one brother Raymond O. Sukeforth of Millis.

The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon at the home, Rev. Harry M. Daniels, pastor of the Universalist church of Caribou, officiating. The flowers were very numerous and exceedingly beautiful. The pallbearers were: J. Leigh Hagerman, Edward F. Johnston, A. D. Lamson, George W. Reed and Michael Malloy of Port Fairfield and Arthur Bicker of Caribou. Burial was made in the Caribou cemetery.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Whereas, the Bureau Master has called from among us one beloved sister, Mrs. May R. Bartlett.

It is hereby resolved that Bethel Grange has lost a loyal member, the community a faithful friend and kind neighbor, and her family a devoted wife and mother.

It is also resolved that the profound sympathy of this Grange be extended to her family and friends.

Mrs. E. G. Gowan, Sister T. Russell, P. E. Russell, Committee on Resolutions.

Bethel Grange, April 8, 1923.

Wiley, R. Kiddle, Second Class—B. Bartlett, Tenderfoot—P. Bartlett, K. Flinn, J. Isaacson.

We have a full troop of forty. Couldn't keep it at 22, due to old members coming back. I have put an absolute limit at 40 (five patrols). We now have two W. J. M. C. units and are open to contact with any Boy Scout W. J. M. C. units in the State.

The following scouts have taken advanced degrees in Oxford County. Their official records have been received at County Headquarters.

Troop 1, South Paris—Marion Hammond, First Class, Richard Crockett, Second Class.

BETHEL HAS NEW STORE.

Mr. M. A. Naimy opened a dry goods store in the Naimy block on Main street, Saturday and he will carry a full line of ladies' gents' and misses' furnishings and dry goods of all kinds.

Mr. Naimy is a native of Syria, coming to this country in 1910. He learned the carpenter's trade and was engaged in that business for a few years in Portland, after which he went to Oxford where he opened up a dry goods store for a number of years. He sold out to his brother two years ago and came to Bethel and purchased the Goddard place on Main street. He tore part of this building down and erected a fine two-story brick building, containing three stores on the ground floor and four rents on the upper floor.

Mr. Naimy served his adopted country during the war as a member of Company A, Development Battalion, and was stationed at Camp Devens for nine months.

GRAND ARMY DAY.

On Thursday evening, April 12, Brown Post and Relief Corps observed Grand Army day. An invitation was extended to George A. Mundy, Post No. 81, American Legion, a delegation of ten members being present. The following program was prepared and carried out by Corps Patriotic Instructor, Hester R. Bannora.

Columbia, The Gem of The Ocean, Chorus.

Words of Greeting, Hester Bannora.

Review of The Work of The W. R. C. Allie B. Jordan.

Vocal Solo, Mrs. Achenbach.

Selections in Reading by Prof. Hanscom, Emily Forbes and Martha Kendall, were enjoyed by all.

Remarks were made by Rev. C. H. Oliver, Rev. S. T. Achenbach and Mr. Russell, Sup't. of Schools.

Com. A. R. Hatchinson's words were listened to with interest.

Com's. Levi Bartlett and George Harding also responded as the roll was called.

Wm. McKay, commander of the George A. Mundy Post made interesting remarks in behalf of the Legion, followed by other representatives of the order.

Singing America, closed with American's Creed and Flag salute.

Light refreshments were served in the dining hall by the Ex. Com.

It was a pleasant get together and we heard it remarked they wished it might be made an annual event.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Thursday, April 19, 3 o'clock: Meeting of the Ladies' Club with Mrs. Tibbitts.

Friday, April 20, 10:45: Workshop. The pastor will commence a series of talks on Kingdom Principles as seen in Jesus' Mountain Talk.

12:00: Church School.

4:00: Jr. C. E. meeting at the home of Dr. Tibbitts. Leader, Kathryn Russell.

7:30: Evening Workshop. The pastor will give one of the talks on Kingdom Men and Women.

Tuesday, Apr. 24, 6:45: Chorus rehearsal.

7:45: Marling pictures in Garland Chapel at the auspices of the W. C. T. U. These pictures are to be given by Miss Alida Barrows of the State organization of the W. C. T. U. and are free.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH.

Christian Science services are held every Sunday in Orange Hall, Spring Street, at 10:35 A. M. All are welcome.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

Sunday School at 12 o'clock. Evening meeting at 7 o'clock.

The circle met Wednesday with Mrs. A. H. Bannora. The regular morning service will be held at 10:30.

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

There will be no services in the Methodist Church Sunday morning. The Epworth League will hold its meeting in the evening as usual.

The Ladies' Aid will meet in the church kitchen Thursday afternoon.

Rev. and Mrs. Oliver are attending the Maine Methodist Conference in Bangor this week.

There will be a moving picture entertainment and lecture in the Congregational Church, Tuesday evening, April 24, under the auspices of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. The subject will be "At The End of The Road." The speaker will be Miss Alida Barrows. This is sent out by the head of the State Health Dept., at Augusta, Dr. Coombs.

MOSES E. GROVER.

With the passing of Moses E. Grover, an honest God-fearing man has gone to his reward.

Born in Bethel, Maine, nearly 82 years ago, his has been an enviable life of uneventful peace and understanding contentment.

Mr. Grover's hobby and life work was orcharding. When a young man he was traveling representative of the New England Nursery Company of Auburn, Me., and it was his proud record that in the 23 years of dealing in nursery stock he sold and started the nucleus of thousands of successful orchards throughout New England. He was a pioneer in the grafting of fruit trees and every spring took much pleasure in experimental work of this sort.

Forty-six years ago Mr. Grover moved to Poland, Maine and on a large farm there lived for 23 years. Here, on Harris Hill, he planted an orchard of seven hundred apple trees and this today is a source of wealth and beauty, a silent tribute to his clever foresight.

The urge of home was strong and twenty years ago he returned to his native town.

He accepted the accumulation of years but he would not grow old. He worked daily at the tasks he loved and kept always his interest for local affairs and his keenness for world events.

As a story teller he was without peer and could always entertain strangers of friends with observing tales of early Indian legends and pioneer lore.

Mr. Grover attributed his joy in longevity to his simple, wholesome living, his love of nature, his optimism and happiness.

This was his philosophy: "I went my soul through the invisible same letter of that after-life to spell And by and by my soul returned to me And answered, 'I myself am Heaven's Hell!'"

Mr. Grover was for many years, an honored member of Tyran Lodge, P. & A. M. of Mechanic Falls, Me., and was buried with Masonic rites at Rose Hill Cemetery. He made no enemies and his friends were legion.

GRANGE NEWS

BEAR RIVER GRANGE.

Although the roads were nearly impassable, 27 members of Bear River Grange met at their hall, Saturday evening, April 7, to hold their regular meeting. Officers all present except Treasurer and Pomona.

Opened in form at 8:30 and minutes of the last meeting were read.

Several communications were read, one from Governor Baxter in regard to the Kennebec Reservoir Co., and one from State Master Thompson, on same subject. Voted to table matter until next meeting.

One candidate instructed in first and second degrees.

As there was not much time the program was short, consisting of a song by Brothers Morse and Egan.

Hull Call. Quittances from Ritual.

Surprise feature by Sister Vaughn Morton, which proved to be a Lamentation, with the Am. Stewards as captives.

The Am. Steward, Brother Egan's side won the race by a small margin.

EAST BETHEL.

Spring term of school opened April 19th, the teachers Misses Laura and Maud Cummings are teaching with Mrs. Gay Bartlett.

Miss Edna Bartlett returned from Massachusetts, Saturday and resumed her school at Bethel village.

Miss Ruth Holt, Bonnie Trask, Berwin and Dorothy Haines have returned to Gould's Academy.

Mr. D. C. Foster drives the school team on the Locke's Mills road.

Mr. F. B. Howe has been spending the past week at Bethel village.

Miss Ella Trask has returned home from Bangor.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Swan and R. L. Swan were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Trask.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Trask, who have been spending the winter working for H. O. Blake, have returned home to Bangor.

Mr. Nash has moved his family to Mr. E. A. Trask's hill farm.

Mr. Frank C. Kimball of Middle Tennessee was over Sunday guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Swan and family.

Farmer Farrell and son are sawing wood in this vicinity by engine power.

Many cords of pulp wood have been loaded on the river bank.

Equine of Good Old Days.

Reckless automobile driving around the corners, that much of the horse sense of the good old days was possessed by the horse—Boston Post.

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Mrs. W. J. Upton was in Portland, Thursday.

Mr. F. E. Donahue spent the week end in town.

Mr. Doll Rich of Norway is in town on business.

Mr. F. E. Francis of So. Paris was in town Saturday.

Mr. Ralph Turgeon visited in Lewiston over the week end.

Mr. Asa Bartlett has moved his family to Fred Edwards farm.

Mr. Stanley Wheeler of South Paris was in town on business Friday.

Dr. and Mrs. L. H. Wight were in Portland one day last week.

Mrs. Ole Perceval of Berlin was the guest of Mrs. Roy Bennett last week.

Mrs. W. W. Mason of Gorham was the guest of relatives in town Sunday.

Mrs. Ralph Perkins was a recent guest of her sister, Mrs. Frank Bartlett.

Mrs. Kelly of Bryant Pond was a guest at the home of I. L. Carver Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Gibbs were guests of friends in South Paris and Norway, Saturday.

Miss Margaret Herriek and Miss Kathryn Bryant were in Portland, Thursday.

Mr. G. N. Bannora who has employment at Berlin spent the week end at his home here.

Mr. Newton Richardson who has been spending the winter at Blackhurst, N. C., has returned home.

Messrs. Guy Perkins and James McGovern left Tuesday for Turner where they have employment.

Friends of Miss Alice Farnell of Yarmouth, Maine, are sorry to learn that she is in such poor health.

Mr. and Mrs. John McLean of Gorham, N. H., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Robertson Sunday.

Miss Margaret Davis who has been in Westbury, R. I., for several months has returned to Bethel Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Swan have returned from Lewiston where they have been spending the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Lovejoy arrived Thursday from Polkville, Florida where they have been spending the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Carter have returned to their home in Bethel after having spent the winter in Boston.

Mrs. Clara Brown who has been the guest of Mrs. Grace Swan is now visiting her son Thomas Brown and family.

Mrs. Mark J. Kilham, who is employed at Bethel Inn, was called to Bethel Saturday by the illness of her brother.

Messrs. Morse and Littlefield of Lockes Mills are in town painting, and both are staying at Mrs. Lizzie Thurston's.

Mr. Jackson of Lewiston was in town a few days last week installing a new bookkeeping system at the J. B. Ham Gain Mill.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Cunnis have rented a cottage at Norway Lake for the summer. Mrs. Cunnis was Miss Margaret Finney.

Bethel friends extend felicitations to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Clark on the birth of a daughter, born April 7th, and named Mary Ella.

The many friends of Miss Olive Wiley will be pleased to know that she has been chosen valedictorian of her class at Gorham High school.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Howe and daughter were in Portland, Thursday to attend the wedding of Miss Emma A. Timberlake to Rev. Wallace Hayes at the home of her sister, Mrs. E. A. Bates.

They will make their home in Deerfield, Maine.

THE J. E. JONES LETTER

The Minimum Wage Decision.

The United States Supreme Court decision declaring void the minimum wage law for women employed in the District of Columbia is regarded as a blow by people who agree with Chief Justice Taft's view point, expressed in his dissenting opinion, that it is not the function of the Supreme Court "to hold Congressional acts invalid simply because they are passed to carry out economic views which the Court believes to be unwise or unsound." While Mr. Taft thus emphatically stated the reasoning methods employed by the majority of the Court, who reached a decision by 5 to 3, he nevertheless appears to have been outdistanced in votes and legal argument.

Supreme Court decisions have always been stiff-jointed, in supporting the freedom of contract guaranteed under the Constitution, and in this case the minimum wage law is held to be discriminatory in that it favored women, who, the opinion states, were fully as able to make contracts as men. On the other hand there was hope that the Supreme Court might uphold the law since Congress has been sustained in regulating the conditions of labor. Therefore why should not Congress have the right to regulate wages?

It is a quibble for lawyers to quarrel with the Supreme Court, and usually the disappointment in such differences finds an intelligent layman discovering himself obliged to agree with the form of logic that comes down from the mighty judicial tribunal. The voided minimum wage law has not proved to be vital to employment conditions in the District of Columbia, and its importance is more national than local in its consequences. Congress has reached out in an attempt to introduce something in the nature of a social reform, much as was done when the Child Labor law was passed. But the Supreme Court, in both instances, knocked into cocked hats the attempts to legislate economic ideals to the uses of the people.

Labor leaders declare the decision to be a big loss to women workers, and they are expressing disappointment. Evidently employers and employees in search of the ideals upon which they can harmoniously work together and compose their differences, are to find little hope in legislation from Congress. In view of their upturn by adverse decisions. The suspicious employing and working classes are always expressing their fears of laws that have a "punch" back of them; but in most instances laws that have such a force came to grief when the Supreme Court says the "last word."

Franklin D. Roosevelt's Big Idea.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, former Assistant Secretary of the Navy and Democratic candidate for Vice President in the last election has been accelerating a "Big Idea," the ownership of which is not disputed as being his. He favors having Congress enact a law to quest the Governors of the States to put on the official ballots national elections questions upon which Congress may wish to obtain the opinion of the electorate. Mr. Roosevelt says the scheme is perfectly constitutional, and that the States may get behind the plan and put it through. Of course such a referendum would have binding effect, but it would furnish a definite, concrete expression of public opinion in place of imaginative mandates such as are common nowadays.

Meet The Bloc.

A number of leading Senators who are not members of the different "blooms," are demanding that these blocs be squelched. Administration chiefs are vigorously opposing the blocs that represent farmers and other industries. The feeling among Republicans is that blocs will have to be done away with, otherwise there is danger that they will do away with the power of the party. It is evident to everybody that the "blooms" have made good on their boast that they would hold the balance of power in Congress. Unless these blocs are in some way or another brought into sympathy and 224 their support to Administration policies it is hard to see how it will be possible to secure that "all together" pull that political managers say will sustain President Harding's leadership.

President Harding Returns to Washington.

Of course five weeks in the playgrounds of Florida is a vacation that no one would "miss at"—nevertheless, about as comfortable a looking place as can be found anywhere, is then White House—so long the home of American Presidents. President Harding has returned to his own private habitation, and from the

(Continued on page 4)

(Continued on Page 5)

Mrs. Roy E. Lister of Sandusky

and Mrs. James W. Hester were
seated beside him in a prominent row
of the front row. During which
the ship stopped a day in Philadelphia,
making many guests of interest and
pleasure. On their return trip they were
met everywhere and warmly in each

...ing the military bill in March of 1914 on May 14.

[illegible]

State Legislature. Figures were placed to show that the bill would cost \$14,000,000 to the pockets of insurance companies, the millions of which amount to \$2,000,000, and that if passed, were paid for by death, and then to every person insured, payments would not exceed

Total Liabilities and Surplus, \$15,115,187.00

**LIFE FIRE
INSURANCE AUTOMOBILE
WALTER E. BARTLETT, JR.
WALTON, MISSISSIPPI**

7

CANTON

Mrs. Blaney Gammon, a respected resident of Canton passed away shortly after midnight, Tuesday at about 57 years of age. Mrs. Gammon had been in poor health for a number of years. She was the widow of John Gammon who passed away two years ago. She was born in Temple, the daughter of Cutler and Prudence Dillingham. She is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Edwin G. Small of Canton, one brother, Chas. Dillingham of Livermore Falls, five grandchildren, Herbert, Harold, Vivian, Victoria and Aris Small. The funeral was held Friday at 11 o'clock, Rev. J. M. Lamb officiating. The floral tributes were very beautiful. Among those from out of town who attended the services were Mrs. Annie Gammon of Dorchester, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Gammon, Chas. Dillingham, Mr. and Mrs. Roswell Gammon and Mrs. Alice Russell of Livermore Falls.

The marriage of Allan Marston and Miss Thelma Hewey of East Hartford took place at the parsonage of Rev. F. P. Freeman, Livermore Falls, April 5th, the double ring service being used. Mr. Marston is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Marston and the bride a daughter of Mrs. Oscar E. Hardy. They will reside on the farm with his parents.

The Misses Arlene and Iva Russell of Bethel, Mass., are spending a week with their father A. F. Russell, and sister, Miss Edith Russell.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Reynolds left for their new home in Mattapan, Mass., Saturday morning. They have been life long residents of Canton and many friends regret their departure. An informal reception was tendered them at the home of the meeting of the Evergreen Chapter, O. E. S., Tuesday evening which was attended by members of the Evergreen Chapter and their wives. A good program was enjoyed, consisting of music, and various contests and stunts. Refreshments were served in the dining hall, which was prettily decorated in red and green. At the close of the supper, the worthy patron in behalf of the Chapter, presented to Mrs. Reynolds a gold ring, set with a beautiful pink Maine tourmaline. Mrs. Reynolds feelingly thanked her friends. Next came a surprise for Mr. Reynolds when he was presented with an elegant Masonic emblem ring. The presentation speech was made by the Worthy Master, Robert W. Poor, in behalf of Whitney Lodge, F. & A. M. Mr. Reynolds responded in a feeling manner. After supper all repaired to the assembly room and passed a sociable hour with more "stunts." Among those

from out of the place who attended were Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Stevens of Orr's Island, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Oliver of Hartford, Mrs. J. H. Fulefer of Farmington. Those present from other chapters were Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Walt of Ivy Chapter and Miss Mabel Norcross of Mount Olive Chapter.

Ansel Ellis and family have been visiting Mrs. Ellis' grandparents in Cheshireville.

Mrs. W. B. Gilbert is spending a week with her daughter, Mrs. Edgar Sturtevant of Auburn.

Mrs. Arthur Robinson of Portland has been a guest of Mrs. A. S. Bicknell and family. Miss Thelma Bicknell returned home with her Saturday.

At the meeting of the Penobscot Rebekah Lodge Friday evening the degree was conferred on one candidate and refreshments served.

Arthur Johnson has gone to Bristol, Conn., where he is employed by the New Departure Mfg. Co.

Miss Florence G. Childs while in Auburn attended the lecture given by Donald McMillan, the explorer.

Mrs. David L. Cameron is ill with abscesses in her head.

The Paris Bureau meeting has been postponed to a later date, on account of the illness of the demonstrator, Mrs. Anita N. Babb, who is in a Portland hospital for a surgical operation, as the result of an ulcerated tooth.

John T. Lindley is making improvements on the residence connected with the store. As soon as completed, he plans to move his family there.

The debate between the Canton and Bethel High schools was held at Canton Grange hall, Friday evening with a good attendance. Canton won the vote being 2 to 1, with Elinor Hyer chosen as best speaker, vote 2 to 1.

The speakers were Elinor Hyer, Nora Bonney, with Pearl Blanchard, alternate from Canton High and Hazel Proctor and Helen Puppo from Bethel High. The judges were L. E. Poole, Hartford, P. M. Brown, Livermore and W. H. Eastman, E. Scammon. A dance followed the debate.

Sansey Wallin is fitting up an ice cream parlor in the building formerly occupied by Dr. H. W. Bicknell.

Mrs. E. W. Howe of Bangor has been a guest of her aunt, Mrs. J. P. Swasey.

Stains on Mahogany. Sprinkle baking soda on a white stain caused by a hot dish on mahogany and hold a hot iron near enough to heat, without burning. Repeat and polish with oil.

NEWS HAPPENINGS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Items Gleaned From All Parts of New England

Because his children were annoyed by his long name, Max Lautenschlager of Lewiston, Me., petitioned to the probate court to have his name changed to Max Lauten. The petition was granted.

The strike of the Worcester, Mass., hod carriers was ended when the contractors yielded to the demands of the men and agreed to grant them an increase in wages from 75 to 90 cents an hour.

President James H. Hustis of the Boston & Maine railroad declared to the stockholders at their annual meeting in Boston that the predictions that the New York Central will acquire their system are insubstantial.

Indorsement of the plan to erect a memorial building to commemorate the heroic deeds of Massachusetts soldiers and sailors was announced at the annual encampment of the state division of the Sons of Veterans.

Driving an automobile after his license had been suspended cost David W. Harrington of West Roxbury, Mass., a fine of \$100 imposed in the Dedham court. Reports show that Harrington had been in court eleven times last year on charges of violating the automobile laws.

Listed in war department records as a deserter, Private William F. Kittredge of Clinton, Mass., has just been established, was killed in service overseas a week before the armistice. Private Kittredge was a member of company F, 1st division. He enlisted in the regular army at the age of 17.

Within a few weeks Thomas W. Murphy, noted horse owner and driver, is expected to assume ownership of Charter Oak Park, the historic race course in West Hartford, Ct. A meeting of the Connecticut Fair Association stockholders voted unanimously to accept Murphy's certified check for \$2500 for a 50-day option to purchase the 120-acre park for \$200,000.

Numerous automobile tourists, who were not aware that the Hoback trail is not open for motor traffic, have been turned back. The snow on the summit of the trail is still badly drifted, although a few machines have been able to break through with the help of some shoveling. It is predicted that at least a week more must pass before the trail is ready for traffic.

Albert C. Billeke, a member of the junior class at Williams college, Williamstown, Mass., has gone to his home in Los Angeles to claim a bride and fortune. By the death of his father three years ago, he was left \$2,000,000, the will providing that the money be kept in trust for him until he was 21 years old. He recently celebrated that birthday and he has taken advantage of the Easter recess to go home and be married.

Judge James W. Willett of Iowa, commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., who attended the annual encampment of the Massachusetts G. A. R. in Boston, delivered a speech in which he arraigned and denounced the "hastily organized" known as the "Kl Klux Klan" and the I. W. W., and declared for a system of arbitration which would prevent such occurrences as the shootings and murders which were incident to the recent coal strike.

Friends of Joseph Doyle, a shoe worker taken ill in Marlboro, Mass., appealed to the city poor department to aid him, saying he was in straitened circumstances. He was sent to the Marlboro hospital for observation and treatment at the expense of the city. Nurses who searched his pockets in remove various personal articles handed out a check of \$10. When they got through counting the roll they found it totaled \$260. In other pockets were found two \$200 liberty bonds, making a total of wealth in his personal bank of \$330.

Has the ghost of President Calvin B. Herbert returned to Middlebury, Vt. College? This is the question which a representative of the college has placed before Mr. Arthur Conan Doyle in New York, says the Boston Herald. The Rev. Dr. Herbert held office as president of the old Vermont institution from 1873 to 1882. He has been dead these many years, but recently when a New York photographer went to the college to obtain pictures of the campus, what is said to be an ectoplasmic manifestation of the former president made its appearance. The picture, in which the face of the president appears, was taken at night within the old chapel, looking through glass windows to the illuminated facade of the new chapel.

Recent prosperity in Massachusetts during the past year is clearly revealed in the 1922 federal income tax figures announced by Internal Revenue Collector Malcolm K. Nichols, which show during the income tax drive ended last month total collections of nearly \$7,000,000 over the year previous and a gain of over 16,000 more returns. The total figures for the March period show that 444,446 returns were filed and \$60,000,000 collected while a year ago the figure was 299,346 returns netting \$39,000,000.

SOUTH PARIS

A. W. Walker was in Bethel on business Wednesday.

J. G. Hillborn of West Main was in the village Thursday.

Mrs. Lizzie Moore is visiting her son, Guy B. Morse, in Waterford.

Ralph H. Butts has sold the house where he lives on East Main street to P. F. Ripley.

Carl Brown was in West Bethel Monday to attend the funeral of his aunt, Mrs. Nahum Scribner.

Mrs. Florence Sanderson and Mrs. Myra Jacobson of East Waterford were in the village Tuesday.

Clarence G. Morton was in Portland several days last week.

Mrs. William H. Knowland of Newburyport, Mass., was a guest of her sister, Mrs. W. S. Chandler, Wednesday.

Misses Nellie and Esther Valentine of North Paris were in this village Monday, guests of their sister, Mrs. Carl Brown.

Miss Helen M. King was one of the hostesses of the Portland Business and Professional Women's Club last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Tebbets and son of Locke's Mills were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Irving O. Harrows over the weekend.

Mrs. Grace Haines of Kimball Hill, Bethel, was recently a guest of relatives in this village.

The annual men's supper at the Universalist church will be held on Tuesday, May 8. E. H. Jones, Wm. F. Morton and W. B. Young are committee on the supper.

Prof. George A. Yeaton of Augusta, state horticulturist, was in this town, last week conferring with fruit growers relative to the eradication of the San Jose scale from their trees and shrubs.

Alton Jacobs has purchased a house lot on Highland Avenue, and will put up a residence on it during the season.

Miss Catherine Ferguson, the country nurse, again has rooms at E. M. Millett's. Her father and mother, who have been here through the winter, have returned to Boston, and they have given up the back rent which they have been occupying on Western Avenue.

Rev. C. W. Arason has been elected to the important position of assistant superintendent of Child Welfare Work in the United States. Mr. Arason is well known here, and has been here a number of times. Mrs. Arason is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stuart. For some years Mr. and Mrs. Arason were engaged in Y. M. C. A. work in Alaska, and later have been in welfare work in New York.

Miss Nellie M. Jackson, who has spent the winter in the North, stopping in several different places, arrived home last week.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will be held in the ladies' parlor of the Universalist church on Tuesday next at 8 o'clock in the afternoon.

The Optimistic Class meets at the church parlor Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Harrison returned to their home in this village today after spending two weeks with relatives at Scituate, Mass., Virginia. They spent the week with Mr. and Mrs. Guy Trask in Portland.

Miss Geneva Young is at home from her teaching in Rockton, Mass., for the school recess.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Congregational church held their annual meeting with Mrs. A. W. Walker "Thursday," when they elected the following officers: President, Mrs. E. P. Woodbury; Vice-President, Mrs. Fred Hanson; Secretary, Mrs. Perry Allen; Treasurer, Mrs. E. L. Green.

COMFLEX

The World's Most Comfortable Work Shoe

"NEEDS NO BREAKING IN"

STURDY and STRONG—but Flexible as a Glove. Think what that means. No More Breaking In of hard, stiff and uncomfortable work shoes — no more tired feet from heavy clumsy footwear.

Allen's Shoe Store
Bethel, Maine

Smart Hats

The Season's Newest Styles—

Designed in Our Work Room.

Very Reasonably Priced

New Lot of Children's Hats this Week.

Come in and see them and get first choice.

We have a

Splendid Line of Stamped Goods and Embroideries

L. M. STEARNS

BETHEL, MAINE

IRA C. JORDAN

General Merchandise

BETHEL, MAINE

Fitted Wood for Sale

BARTLETT BROS.

BETHEL, MAINE

Envelopes, Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Cards, Posters, Receipt Blanks and other things printed at reasonable prices. Citizen Office.

L. F. PIKE CO.

Men's Clothing Stores

THOSE STITCHES

Those unseen stitches, the fine canvases, the skillful inside shaping—hidden quality! That's the foundation of the smooth fit, the smart style, the enduring wear a KIRSCHBAUM suit gives you. New models for this Spring. \$24.50 and up to \$35.

LOOKING YOU OVER

Those first impressions—how they count! And how a smartly groomed look helps! Make correct dress a daily habit. It Pays.

And with KIRSCHBAUM CLOTHES, it costs no more.

At our two stores you are certain to find what you want and at a moderate price.

NORWAY Blue Stores 30. PARIS



269
F.O.B. DETROIT

A Still Better Runabout

Nothing like the present low price for the Ford Runabout has ever been known. And for a Ford of even greater merit, with slanting windshield, one-man top, additional carrying space in the rear and distinct improvements in chassis construction.

Salesmen accept this Ford model as an essential part of their selling equipment; business houses buy it for their representatives and hundreds of thousands of other users will find it a still more attractive purchase than ever.

Immediate orders are necessary if you are to get your Ford this Spring. A small down payment and the balance on easy terms.

Ford prices have never been so low
Ford quality has never been so high

HERRICK BROS. CO.

BETHEL, ME.

Painting and Papering

We are prepared to do all kinds of Painting, Papering and Interior Decorating

Call Harry Jordan

LITTLEFIELD & MORSE
BETHEL, MAINE

Men's Work Shoes

At very reasonable prices.

From \$2.50 to \$5.50

Shoes built to stand hard service.

Let us show you the New Work Shoe with the COMPLEX SOLE.

E. N. SWETT SHOE CO.
NORWAY, MAINE Phone 38-2

The Cinema of the Century!

The Four Horsemen

of the

Apocalypse

In 11 Parts

THE WORLD'S FOREMOST PICTURE



A magnificent screen translation of the story that has thrilled two million readers.

Enacted by the greatest cast in history, comprising more than 12,500, including the 50 principal characters.

Produced at a cost of six months of preparation; a year and a half of action; and slightly more than a million dollars.

To miss it is to miss the world's greatest motion picture

Sat., Apr. 21st

Admission: Adults 35c & 50c, Children 20c

Matinee at 2.15

Admission 15c and 30c

MAINE QUALITY SWEET CORN

H. J. Mosher, President Franklin County Products Co.

The sweet corn industry is one of the leading industries in Maine. The average normal production per acre in the state is but little more than 2000 pounds of cut corn. If some of us who are trying to raise corn on land that is not adapted to it would give it up and do something else, and those who continue to plant would plant less acres, dress their land better with barn manure and take better care of their crops, we would not only increase the average yield per acre but lessen the cost per pound and raise the standard of quality.

In the country in 1922 148,833 acres of corn grown for manufacture under contract in more than 15 states. This represented only about four-fifths of the actual acreage grown. Maine held sixth place in this list with 9387 acres. Illinois led with 39,263 acres. This shows that we have got to be especially careful of our quality in order to hold our position.

Maine sweet corn has had a very enviable reputation in the markets, but we are fast losing that reputation, the growers and canners in other states having raised their standard of quality so their product is now considered a close second to Maine corn. It is important for us growers to realize that fancy corn can never be packed from a field producing standard corn. Some of the western growers are planting the same variety of Crosby seed corn we are planting. They are trying in every way to equal our quality. No doubt they can grow corn cheaper than we can in Maine. The canners are able to can it cheaper than the canners in Maine. Their corn is being offered in the markets at a considerably lower price than we can afford to sell our corn. These facts are a positive proof that there should be the closest cooperation between the growers and the canners in Maine.

The grower who uses up-to-date methods and raises a good quality of corn at a moderate cost should receive a profit above cost. As there is so much difference in the quality of sweet corn used for canning purposes it would be much better to plant only such seed as is approved by the canner. In my own experience I have found in saving the earliest and largest ears and in planting them year after year that I have developed a coarse kernel and large ear which ripens more quickly and is not as satisfactory for canning purposes.

The canner has his troubles as well as the grower. There is very little profit in the small canners in Maine who are using old time machinery and methods will either have to equip with approved machinery and conveyor systems and lessen their canning costs or go out of business.

In July, 1921 the Franklin Farm Products Co. of Farmington was organized with 12 members and a capital stock of \$10,000. We built a factory, 30x100 feet, and canned that fall more than 6000 dozen apples. Last year we increased our capital stock to \$20,000. We added a bath room and packing room, 30x100 feet, also a boiler room large enough for two boilers, and a real barn. We also put on a wing 100 feet in length for husking machines, a receiver shed and a cedar mill to take care of the by products from the apple factory. Last year we canned 13,463 cases of 1000 dozen cans of corn and apples mostly 1000 dozen of apples. This year we will add another packing room about 50x75 feet which will allow us to handle more for storing and labeling. We will also add more machinery. We have about 60 acres contracted with us as an average season should yield more than 2000 cases. We have increased our acreage about 25 acres since last year. We have our machinery arranged that we can change from one crop to another in one half hour as each line of machinery is independent of the other. We can use electric and steam power, so in case one fails we can go to the other.

FUNDAMENTALS OF CO-OPERATIVE MARKETING

LESLIE S. TEARY, Assistant Chief, U. S. Bureau of Agricultural Economics

Leslie S. Teary, assistant chief of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Agricultural Economics, was to have spoken on Fundamentals of Cooperative Marketing. He was unable to be present but his paper was read by W. A. Sherman of Washington, in charge of the fruit and vegetable divisions of that bureau. A summary of the paper follows:

Reports from over 6000 farmers' co-operative associations during a total business of approximately half a billion dollars annually have been compiled by the United States Department of Agriculture. These studies indicate that some features of cooperation are not yet thoroughly understood. What, for instance, are the functions of cooperation? What are its fundamentals? and what are the forms which the cooperation should take?

Marketing implies the rendering of such essential services, as assembling, grading, processing, transporting, storing, financing and, finally, distributing the product. The functions of cooperative marketing are the performance of these services, or such number of them as conditions may require, efficiently and economically for the benefit of the associated producers. Price-fixing, or monopolistic control of the product, are not functions of cooperative marketing, and an attempt to include them in this category must fail.

The fundamentals for cooperative success, as they have been assembled from studies of successful and unsuccessful organizations by the United States Department of Agriculture are briefly as follows:

There must be a well defined object in view; the organization must perform a definite function.

The organization must be based on a single commodity, or a group of closely related agricultural commodities.

The organization must have sufficient business to enable it to operate economically, and this business must be controlled by the organization through contracts with its members.

The organization must have adequate and efficient management. A salary sufficient to attract a man of high grade ability should be paid the manager. A high salary, however, does not make an inefficient manager efficient.

A proper accounting system is essential and deserves special mention apart from management. The records of a co-operative organization should give the details of its business clearly and completely and in such a way that a comparison of costs may be made from year to year with other organizations.

The sixth fundamental of successful cooperation is an informed membership. If a farmers' movement is to succeed it will do so because of the interest and support of the farmers. They will support a co-operative enterprise only when they understand its structure, its problems and its ultimate aims.

Finally, the organization must be self-perpetuating. It may be necessary to call upon extension workers and others to establish an organization, but once it is established it should never be necessary to hold a public meeting to maintain the organization. The organization must be constituted so that it will in fact be self-perpetuating.

If these fundamental principles are kept clearly in mind, the form of organization is of secondary consideration. Any form of organization which recognizes and provides for these principles has in it the elements of success. A form of organization based on local units will prove most successful when there are local services to be performed, or outlays of capital to be made at local points.

MARKETING APPLES

Dudley Allen, Editor Maine Farmer

After apples leave the farm they pass through the usual channels of trade and are handled by much the same men that handle all other fruit and vegetable commodities. The marketing of apples, however, presents additional perplexities and additional problems. Although it may be regarded as a semi-perishable crop, the apple is very tender and while it is subject to immediate decay and deterioration after it is picked it is subject to great damage at the time of packing and packing. All through the period of growth it is being constantly exposed to a host of plant disease and insect enemies.

It is safe to say that marketing the apple involves itself into a question of quality. It is the quality and not the quantity which counts. There is no doubt that the quality of the apple is the most important factor in its sale. It is true that under the present system the bulk of the fruit of our farms goes to the market in the form of crates and barrels, but the quality of the fruit is not so good as it could be. The quality of the fruit is the key to its success in the market.

The first cooperative packing time, followed by state and national demonstration of three units, seems to be the best solution of the existing problems of marketing apples. In western New York, New Jersey, West Virginia, Ohio, Michigan and certain other sections of the Middle West local cooperative packing houses, banded together in cooperative associations organized very similarly to the Maine Potato Growers' Exchange, are showing the way in more efficient distribution.

Insecticides and fungicides will insure an appearance in Maine apples commensurate with the high quality and texture of the fruit furnished by Nature's gift of soil and climate. When we cooperate to realize upon that quality, then Maine, with the aid of the splendid markets at her doors, may well hope to become the banner apple state of the East.

Order your subscriptions through Carl L. Brown, Bethel, Telephone 11-11.

You will find the
Largest and Best Assorted
Line of
Wall Paper
PAINT and VARNISH
ever displayed in town

at

D. GROVER BROOKS'
BETHEL, MAINE

Use the Citizen Want Column. It Will Pay.

PRIVATE SALE

Having sold my house on the corner of Chapman and Mason Streets, I also have for sale some Furniture including Sideboard, Desks, Chairs, Beds, Springs, Bureaus, etc.; Garden Tools including Picks, Shovels, Rakes, etc.; complete Painter's Outfit for Swing Stage including Tackle and Falls, Hooks, Ladders, Roof Scaffolds, and Outriggers; also a quantity of Blacksmith Supplies which includes Fitted Horseshoes, Toe Calks, Bolts, Chains, Whitewires, Neckyokes, Irons for Whittetrees and Neckyokes.

A trade if taken at once.

A. C. Frost, Bethel, Maine

For Economical Transportation



New SUPERIOR Touring

\$525 F. O. B. Flint, Mich.

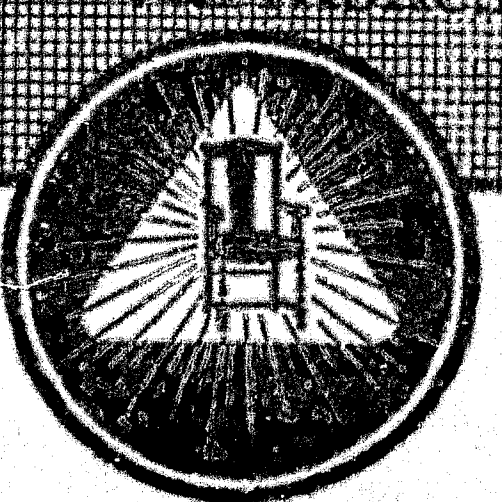
World's Lowest Priced Quality Car. An automobile which anyone can be proud to own because of its up to the minute style, complete modern engineering, and the lowest operating costs of any 6-Passenger automobile made.

By all means you owe it to yourself to know the Chevrolet before buying any car at any price.

Let us call and give a demonstration.

Crockett's Garage, Bethel, Maine

Neptunde Varnishes



Don't be Fooled by a Varnish Shine

The poorer the varnish, generally the more it shines, and the less it wears. The better the varnish, the richer is its deep satin like glossiness, and the longer it wears. Don't buy a varnish by its shine. Buy it by its power to stand wear and still keep glossy. For everything from floors up, use Neptunde Varnishes. You get wear out of them because wear is put into them. Won't turn white. Dry hard and stay hard.

I. L. Carver
Bethel, Maine

Lowe Brothers
Paints - Varnishes

SYNOPSIS

AFTER 1.—Living
d into a dwelling.
ager of an apartment

Her income is derived from her work, her chief partner being Weatherstone.

"Thad," homeless son
was adopted. They call
tells Penzie a stran

AFTER 11.—A female
y. Induced Penile to

After III, - Search for
 wings.

...who proves a
steel. He takes her
is adopted into the

AFTER IV.—The str
re, Penfield's uncle

CHAPTER V.—Uncle Jo

CHAPTER VI.—Uncle J.

Hapgood, no longer
re, and the two ap-
pell. Lorene Percy,
s. tells her of her

PTER VII.—Friends
on Uncle Jerry and

PTER VIII.—Calm
Sanders, on the verge
long May Day.

own, Mrs. Fehldorf
ry of her own life, u
three children in a
subsequent death of he

PTER IX.—Little's
Mustard Cup has long
been a Wopple, and the

CHAPTER X.—Dick Cha

Mr. Percy, by plan-
ning, is seeking to
make female skillfully

Penfield nodded.

I guess you would
ain't thing. Little
no bigger'n specks

e comes long to
 Peter grabbed u

little troubles. I
s once one right

n't never been need
s going. Doesn't a
to die because h

He was shot while in

It was reckless, ill-considered. It wouldn't seem so now. He was then sick and died of it.

you'd have felt
began Mrs. Sandel
" echoed Mrs. Pe

you're got some
of. I've always
meant for a man

than cook for a h
Beats, vegetables

"I didn't mean it,"

...that makes me
...ken life. When yo

of married happiness
enabled to giving it
Fredd's gaze at

No, not reconciled
to everything is a
most exasperation

ing you got to run
I ten years of hap
had enough of

lot of women have
be thankful for it

Perce's Day can
see. An Urban

...over the reg
...of exist
...that the

... ..

how we could be

The
Custard
Cup

By
Florence Birmingham

Copyright by George H. D.

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Living varied into a dwelling manager of an apartment as the "Custard Cup," or "Court." Her income is dry work, her chief pastime, Horatius Weatherstone, and "Thad," a young who has adopted. They Thad tells Penzance a strange quiring for her under the

CHAPTER II.—A female Bosley, induces Penzance to a package, which she is missing.

CHAPTER III.—Search for things which might be a veteran at the same girl, Little, who takes a of his stock. Little is adopted into the

CHAPTER IV.—The str be Mrs. Penzance's uncle announces he is going to the vicinity of The Custard C

CHAPTER V.—Uncle J occupies the loft above a bode.

CHAPTER VI.—Uncle J, dance Harpood, no longer attractive, and the two on" well. Lorene Percy, Penzance's, tells her of her Dick Chase, also a husba

CHAPTER VII.—Friend between Uncle Jerry and husband of Quails, worried

CHAPTER VIII.—Calmi Mrs. Sanders, on the vera breakdown, Mrs. Penzance to a story of the lives of her three children in al the subsequent death of h

CHAPTER IX.—Little's The Custard Cup has long Mr. Josiah W. Penzance minutes in a physical case much water is spilled.

CHAPTER X.—Dick Cha Mrs. Penzance that Mr. mother, Mrs. Percy, by pl helplessness, is seeking marriage. Penzance skillfully Percy's shame, and the lat withdraw her objections.

Mrs. Penzance nodded "Yes, I guess you wou the main thing. Little s seem no bigger specks trouble comes 'long to br."

Mrs. Percy grabbed th with vehemence. "I don't about little troubles. I had big ones, one right I haven't never been rec Percy's going. Doesn't a man to die because h way he did. He was a and he was shot while m rest. It was reckless, t took. It wouldn't seem s just been sick and died d

"Oh, you'd have felt much," began Mrs. Sande

"Yes," echoed Mrs. Pe as 'tis, you've got some proud of. I've always rather mourn for a ma brave than cook for a n coward."

Mrs. Percy, repulsivel fation, tossed her head fence. "I didn't mean it been easy in any ovec after all, that makes m my broken life. When yo years of married happines got reconciled to giving i

Mrs. Penzance gazed at ally. "No, not reconciled signed to everything is a man of moral prevailat. oes thing you got to re from had ten years of hap life, you had exactly les than a lot of women hav sunder be thankful for h your mourning."

Mrs. Percy's lips cam with a snarl. An unconvic spread over the face conversation and of est; Penzance, feeling that she too outspoke, sprang up to the breaking of the

"You mustn't trouble Yo thetic, please understand I ing on how we could be can see one thing we'd bae is, look out that you don't entertaining us in a room get any one. Here, let a little shawl 'round you. You mustn't take any the know."

Without waiting for a matched the crocheted shaw table and proffered it to M And Mrs. Percy, the sp walked on, was instantly she accepted the service merced gratified.

No sooner had Mrs. P summed her seat, however, M Mrs. Percy who did the she came to her feet with one ability very different previous manner.

"Ugh! Ugh! The best she screamed. "Oh! Oh! off! Oh! There's two of M—"

Mrs. Sanders plunged to u With a careless gesture, M Mrs. Percy is ahead of her. she announced in a tone of tion with which one takes

The Custard Cup

By Florence Bingham Livingston

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Living in a barn, converted into a dwelling, Mrs. Penfield is the manager of the apartment building known as "The Custard Cup." Her income is derived from her work, her chief patron being a Mrs. Horatio Weatherstone, whom she has never seen. Living with her are "Crink" and "Lettie," homeless small boys whom she has adopted. They call her "Mama." Their little Penfield, a strange man was inquiring for her under her maiden name.

CHAPTER II.—A tenant, Mrs. Gustafson, induces Penfield to take charge of a package, which she does with some misgivings.

CHAPTER III.—Searching a refuse dump for things which might be of value, Crink, Lettie, and the two appear to a small girl, Lettie, who proves a former worthy of his steel. He takes her to Penfield, and Lettie is adopted into the family.

CHAPTER IV.—The stranger proves to be Mrs. Penfield's uncle Jerry. He announces to her that he is coming to the vicinity of The Custard Cup.

CHAPTER V.—Uncle Jerry arranges to occupy the loft above Mrs. Penfield's abode.

CHAPTER VI.—Uncle Jerry meets Penfield's father, no longer young, but attractive, and the two appear to "Mama" as well. Lettie, Penfield's young friend, Penfield, tells her of her engagement to Dick Chase, also a mutual friend.

CHAPTER VII.—Friendship developing between Uncle Jerry and Frank Bosley, husband of Quasie, Penfield's friend.

CHAPTER VIII.—Calming a Grant, Mrs. Sanders, on the verge of nervous breakdown, Mrs. Penfield reveals the truth to her three children in an edifying and the subsequent death of her husband.

CHAPTER IX.—Lettie's pet aversion in The Custard Cup has long been a certain Mrs. Penfield, and the animosity culminates in a physical encounter in which much water is spilled.

CHAPTER X.—Dick Chase confides to Mrs. Penfield that his fiancée's stepmother, Mrs. Perry, by pleading physical helplessness, is seeking to prevent their marriage. Penfield skillfully exposes Mrs. Perry's sham, and the latter is forced to withdraw her objections.

Mrs. Penfield nodded condolingly. "Yes, I guess you would. Health's the main thing. Little troubles don't seem no bigger'n specks when a big trouble comes 'long to measure 'em by."

Mrs. Perry grabbed this statement with vehemence. "I don't know much about little troubles, myself. I've had big ones, one right after another. I haven't never been reconciled to Mr. Perry's going. Doesn't seem right for a man to die because he was brave, way he did. He was a police officer, and he was shot while making an arrest. It was reckless, the chance he took. It wouldn't seem so hard if he'd just been sick and died of it."

"Oh, you'd have felt it just as much," began Mrs. Sanders.

"Yes," echoed Mrs. Penfield; "and as 'ix, you've got something to be proud of. I've always thought I'd rather mourn for a man that's a coward."

Mrs. Perry, repudiating this consolation, tossed her head in some of fence. "I didn't mean it would have been easy in any event. The thing, after all, that makes me miserable is my broken life. When you've had ten years of married happiness, you don't get reconciled to giving it up."

Mrs. Penfield gazed at her dreamily. "No, no, no! I'm not reconciled. Being reconciled to everything is a pretty good sign of mental prostration. But there's one thing you got to remember: If you had ten years of happy married life, you had exactly ten years more than a lot of women have, and your husband be thankful for it, 'long with your mourning."

Mrs. Perry's lips came together with a snap. An uncomfortable silence spread over the room, pending conversation on of existence. Mrs. Penfield, feeling that she had been too outspoken, began to stammer, with the thought of breaking the ice.

"You mustn't trouble me concerning this," began Mrs. Penfield, "I'm sleeping on how we could help you. I can see one thing would better do—that is, look out that you don't take out entertaining us in a room that don't get any sun. Here, let me get this little shawl 'round your shoulders. You mustn't take any chances, you know."

Without waiting for answer, she snatched the crocheted shawl from the table and proffered it to her hostess. And Mrs. Perry, the spoiled, the waited-on, was instantly mollified. She accepted the service with murmured gratitude.

No sooner had Mrs. Penfield resumed her seat, however, than it was Mrs. Perry who did the speaking. She came to her feet with a ponderous dignity very different from her previous manner.

live in a perilous enterprise. "Help me!" cried Mrs. Perry. "They sick. Take the shawl!"

With her left hand she was trying to disengage from the fuzzy shawl that one and then the other of two small caterpillars.

"Well, I declare to goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Penfield. Her hands were busy with the shawl, but to some way, not explained, it had become entangled in the buttons of the green sweater, and it was not easily freed. Mrs. Perry's agitation steadily grew.

"They must have come in the window. I can't stand the nasty little things. Oh—oh, take it off. Tear it—anything! Oh—oh, good heavens, look, look!"

Her shaking finger pointed at Mrs. Penfield herself, and two curious things at once became evident. One was that Mrs. Perry was using her right hand; the other, that an active caterpillar was extending up the front of Mrs. Penfield's dress.

"Well, did you ever?" interjected Mrs. Penfield.

But at this point Mrs. Perry decided that caterpillars were after her; and her nerves gave way. With a shriek, she wrenched and tore at the shawl, using both hands indiscriminately. Fairly beside herself, she stormed about the room, forgetful of feet that dragged, of legs that refused to be supple. She shivered and screamed and fought the also with nervous shaking of both arms. Her dark eyes shot mad glances in every direction, searching for more caterpillars.

"I know what 'tis," she howled. "It's a pest. We're going to be over-run. They'll come in the doors and windows. And I hate the crawling things. Oh, what shall we do? What shall we do?"

Suddenly she stopped. Her arms dropped. She had become conscious of the interested, significant gaze of her guests—a gaze that reminded her of many things.

"Ugh!" she cried. "Ain't this awful? I'll suffer for it later!"

Mrs. Sanders clasped her hands fervently. "Oh, I'm so glad it happened. There ain't no more caterpillars here; I've looked. And they—they've brought you out of it."

Mrs. Perry gasped. "It was—it was only a superhuman!"

"No, Mrs. Perry," broke in Mrs. Penfield brightly. "I been watching how you did it, and it was just as natural as could be. You'll find it'll be permanent—mark my words. It's plain as can be that the whole trouble was nerves getting wound up, on account of worrying, mebbe; and they're unwound now. Any doctor'd tell you that you've limbered up to stay. Why, don't you believe it? Well, then, I'll tell you what: we'll have a doctor in to tell you yourself. We ain't going to have you fretting over something that don't really ail you."

Mrs. Perry looked at her helplessly, with a scolding fire in her black eyes. "Much you know about it. I expect I'll come back—"

"No, it won't," said Mrs. Penfield firmly. "If it does, we'll have the doctor, 'cause The Custard Cup ain't going to see you suffer 'bout helping you out. We're your friends."

"Oh—oh, yes, yes!"

A bright look flashed across Mrs. Penfield's face. "Oh, won't Lorene be happy? I can't wait to tell her. And now there ain't nothing standing in her way. Doesn't it seem like a proof, denise that you said you wouldn't object any more?"

"—I didn't say—" interposed Mrs. Perry hotly.

Mrs. Sanders' eyes were very wide. "Oh, yes, you did, Mrs. Perry. I heard you."

Mrs. Penfield extended her hand with a genial smile. "I am so truly glad," she said in a low, deep voice, "so glad that it wasn't anything serious. Folks are likely to think the worst, but you mustn't do it again. Come over and see us both real soon. We'll do you good to get out, and we'll both be mighty glad to see you."

CHAPTER XI

Due to the Neighbors.

"Mama! Penfield, do you there? I've been back that half a year cake I said you'd give me."

"Oh, right in, Mrs. Wopple. How are things with you?"

"Things fine, Mrs. Wopple. I've been doing good work lately. I been cleaning the best of 'em. I got as much, it takes my own a."

Mrs. Penfield could not decide whether it was good to have these many visits or had to suffer for them, as she could not contain.

"I don't stop the littlest silver regular," continued her caller. "I just keep the silver shiny. But the other gets cleaned once a month. I keep house methodical."

"Ain't it fine you can?" remarked Mrs. Penfield smilingly.

"It's 'cause I plan," smiled Mrs. Wopple. A shrewd gleam came into her eyes. "I understand the Doctors had a queer little notion. I was told you was there, Mrs. Penfield."

"Oh, Mrs. Bosley called me in to see 'bout the kitchen chimney. It don't draw. She thought mebbe—"

"Mrs. Caterbox says they'll like wild animals. She heard 'em. Wasn't you there when it happened?"

"Mr. Bosley came in while I was there," admitted Mrs. Penfield.

"Well, I must say they got seven, to eight 'fuss'ers," snipped Mrs. Wopple, who had rigid ideas about the privacy of his domestic privacies. "I expect you tried to interfere, Mrs. Penfield."

private, even if they're held in public. I don't scarcely think they knew I was there—and I wasn't, very long."

"I'll bet it was interesting," said Mrs. Wopple. "But you needn't tell anything. If you don't want to. Mrs. Bosley told Mrs. Caterbox a lot; said he struck her and she wouldn't stand it forever. Some say they're talkin' of goin' to Seattle."

"Oh, are they?"

Mrs. Wopple, highly dissatisfied with the outcome of this excursion into neighborhood news, tried once more. "Mrs. Perry run in this morning. She's awful low in the dumps. She says she'll break up here if Lorene gets married."

"If! Ain't Lorene going to be married next week?"

"S' the talk. But, as Mrs. Perry says, there ain't nothin' sure till it happens. It's easy seen she ain't struck with that young Chase. She don't believe he's much in love. Says he's just as calm as vegetable soup. He tends to business just as steady as it he'd never heard of love, and he gives right in to all Lorene's notions. He ain't impetuous 'nough to suit Mrs. Perry."

Mrs. Penfield was amused. "That red-hot unreasonableness never made any hit with me. My observation is the lover that pines the hardest,



"You Needn't Tell Anything If You Don't Want To."

flies the fastest. What I like 'bout Dick Chase is that he keeps his head. The love 'tween those two young people has grown naturally and steadily, and it stands ten times the chances to last."

Mrs. Wopple bridled with faded composure. "No, I don't know nothin' 'bout that slow kind. Josiah was awful fast."

A vision of Mr. Josiah Wopple—with the smoking gait and the crafty, peering eyes—dashed into Mrs. Penfield's mind. She prodded her imagination to picture the realities. Impulsively of his younger days, but found herself lacking in the requisite visualization.

"There's all kinds of contrivance," she said, with polite vagueness. "Yes, yes, Lettie! I'm in the bedroom."

Mrs. Wopple rose hastily. "I'll be gone if that heathen young'un's coming in. You got a big job to do here. Run over when you can, Mrs. Penfield. You ain't very neighborly. I got a brand-new dress to show you, and I've embroidered a beautiful table cover. I know you'll like to see 'em."

"Yes, thank you. I'd just like to see 'em. I'll be on as soon as I can get a minute."

"Penfield" called Lettie, when the caller had gone. "I got the sweetest pinkies!" Proudly she exhibited an old-fashioned box with lined with pink linings, each containing a small red velvet ball, red, blue, white, and green. "I got a whole lot of 'em. I was a school to some—mebbe a better that dresses these four pictures in the paper."

Mrs. Penfield surveyed this treasure with a keen eye. "You got any more of these?" she asked. "I got a whole lot of 'em. I was a school to some—mebbe a better that dresses these four pictures in the paper."

"Lettie, good at her needlework. I've always been in charge. I got you I would when you said you'd keep 'em."

"Yes, dear, but there are lots of things that would suit me better. You've got to get over this habit. In January you must go to school and learn things out of books, and you can grow up smart."

"Jimmy" continued Lettie in still may. "I'll bet I can't never sit still. I want they taught school by running. And look here, Penfield, you just give these here ink bottles another up-and-down. They're grand, and I'll be switched if I can't think of some'n to do with 'em."

Mrs. Penfield, waiting patiently for supper, decided to accept ink bottles with polite gratification. "Put 'em on the lower shelf in the cupboard, Lettie. Sometimes we'll play an ink game. I'll show you how." She put the potatoes in the oven and regulated the drafts.

"Mrs. Penfield," called a voice, the corner of which was nowhere visible. "Mrs. Penfield, are you come over?"

"There's Mrs. Caterbox," said Mrs. Penfield. "Something's happened. You watch the Mrs. Lettie, the way I've showed you."

She looked through the door,

toward the driveway. She was used to these calls out of the atmosphere and had become very accurate in distinguishing one voice from another. Tenants of The Custard Cup were prone to shrill their cries and their demands in the direction of Number 47 without taking the trouble to send their bodies with their voices.

It seemed that Mrs. Caterbox had become exasperated because her very young son, Timmy, when sent upon errands, was in the habit of lugging whatever he had gone after. Today Mrs. Caterbox had sent him to the corner drug store for ten postage stamps and had charged him, with particular vehemence, not to lose them. Timmy thought he wouldn't.

For once he would prove his trustworthiness. He had therefore immediately affixed the ten stamps to the rough material of his coat sleeve, and that by means of the mudlage for such purposes provided.

There was no denying that Timmy had come home with the stamps. Further, there was no denying that no one could readily get them off. Mrs. Caterbox had tried gentle pulling, and had even snipped the outer fur of the goods; but there her ingenuity had failed. It was left to Mrs. Penfield to divest Timmy of the garment and immerse the stamps, face down, in water, which presently dissipated the cohesion.

"They'll be worth money when they dry," she said pleasantly, "and you can stick 'em with mullage or white of egg."

But on her way home her mind was full of perplexity. "I wish there was two of me—or something," she thought. "Land knows I'm glad to do anything I can, but I got a house to keep and three children to support. It's going to take me day and night both, at this rate."

The problem had assumed serious proportions. More and more frequently Mrs. Penfield was summoned in different directions, to solve difficulties which the tenants might have solved for themselves. Often she worked far into the night, ironing or sewing or mending, because these tasks had been crowded out of her interrupted day. Moreover, it meant added expense for light and fuel, to say nothing of the heat which was repeatedly wasted in the daytime because of sudden calls from the neighbors. The situation had grown out of the few duties which she performed in exchange for her rent—and had grown naturally, because when a person of general utility is found, he is generally utilized. Mrs. Penfield was finding herself in a quandary.

She believed in justice, but she was also keenly conscious of home duty.

"I'll bet I'll have to keep office hours before long," she told herself, as she entered her own kitchen again.

She found three hungry young people awaiting her.

"What are we going to have for supper, Penfield?" asked Crink, whose interest in this subject was constantly to be depended upon.

"Well, my dear, we're going to have a grand meal. We're going to have baked potatoes with chipped-beef gravy. I bought some milk on purpose. And for dessert you'll get steamed raisins—six apiece. Ain't that fine?"

"Yeah," grinned Crink. "Just so we eat 'em."

"That's the idea," she encouraged. "There's one thing I don't want you children ever to forget, and that is: It's a privilege not to have but two kinds to a meal. Some of the highest-up folks do it, and you read in the paper 'bout their living simply or 'leading abstemious.' It's considered a great credit to 'em; and, land, you got a chance to read the health books. Why, they pretty near all agree that the main trouble with folks is having too many kinds of food at once."

"Are any cookies?" inquired Thad precariously.

"No, that you can't have two sweets to a meal. That's healthy."

"I don't see how for me, 'cause I got in Lettie with great snip. They're nice, but I want cookies any day. Say, Pen, if you want cookies, eat more raisins. Don't you figure that out for me?"

"They done to the same" protested Thad promptly.

"Some just as much as the other," smiled Mrs. Penfield, stirring thickener for the gravy. "Land, this supper's going to be so good. And I wish I could get you to remember that raisins are better than a stick that taste good but don't do you any good. What I'm chiefly doing is to give you some. And you got another grand treat coming tonight. I got a fine story to tell you 'bout you go to bed. The time the boys' teacher."

"What, Penfield?" Crink pointed out. "I thought all the teachers liked to work."

"The right teachers do," admitted Mrs. Penfield. "Of this one didn't. He was kind of a dabbler to all the other teachers, and I guess they sprang him somewhere. But his story is out at last, and I'm going to tell it to you."

"Gory boy!" cried Lettie. "I can't stand 'em too good. When they're bad, there's more doing."

CHAPTER XII

A Busy Day for the Gang.

"The Caterbox be still!" commanded Lettie severely. "You can't have this chicken, 'cause I'm going to raise it for Penfield. Poor little fellow!" she cooed. "I've going to grow you into a nice boy, ain't you? Get away, Penfield! You're a bad boy. I tell you. This here chicken's been chawed into already. Think I'm going to let it be at my mercy!"

(To be continued)



IN THE FAT MAN'S CORNER

The FAT MAN has promised the Editor that he will make this corner the brightest and happiest spot in the whole paper. The FAT MAN is glad to have his readers send him bits of humor, anecdotes and clever paragraphs—those things that put everyone in high good humor and leave one all chuckling inside. The more, the better, and he will pay at the rate of one dollar a piece for them when suitable for his corner. Unusable contributions will not be returned unless accompanied by addressed stamped envelope. The FAT MAN, Editor.

Wife: "Don't sit there staring at me. Why don't you say something?" Husband: "Sorry, dear. I didn't know it was my turn yet."—Record.

Late at night Brown thought he heard a burglar in his room, and hurried his shoe at him. The voice of the man from across the hall, who had gotten into Brown's apartment by mistake, rose up pleadingly, "Oh, cut it out, Maggie, I wear I've been at the office all evening."

Firm Drunk: (bumping into lamp post) "Excuse me, sir." (Bumping into fire hydrant): "Excuse me, little boy." (Bumping into second lamp post and falling down): "Well, I'll just sit here until the dawn breaks."—Yellow Jacket.

"Hah! Hah! Hah!" roared Hi Tragedy, in the dungeon scene. "I'm mad! Mad! Mad!"

"I'll bet," yelled a voice from the gallery, "you ain't near as mad as us fellows that paid to get in."—Black and Blue.

Willie: "Ma, did Adam have a mooher?" Mother: "No, dear."

Willie: "Well, who washed his neck and ears when he was little?"

Willie's mother was remonstrating with him for fighting. "Well, he hit me first," declared Willie.

"But the Bible tells to turn the other cheek," she suggested.

"Yes, but he hit me on the nose, and he's the only one I've got," replied Willie.

Friend: "Make any arrests today, constable?" Constable Slackpatter: "Arrested two tourists but darn 'em! They wouldn't stop."—The Malleaser.

"Can a man love two women?" "Perhaps he can, but if he loves peace, he won't."—Richmond Evening Dispatch.

Supper: "Did you notice how my voice filled the hall last night?" Schoolteacher: "Yes, dear—in fact, I noticed several people leaving to make room for it."—Richmond Evening Dispatch.

Patron: "Waiter, I came in yesterday for a steak." Waiter: "Yes, sir, will you have the same today?" Patron: "Why, I might as well, if to one else is using it."—Harrisburg Telegraph.

People who get carried just for fun, seldom spend the rest of their lives laughing over what a good joke it was. The Malleaser.

Wife (on her spindles and stopped): "What's the matter now?" Husband: "Engine's missing."

Wife: "Well, for the time of Mike's horse and sled!"—News and Courier.

"Are you Mrs. Penfield?" asked a man who came to see her. "No, I'm not. I'm Mrs. Penfield's sister."

"No, you ain't Mrs. Penfield, and I ain't her sister," the collector asked.

"No, you ain't Mrs. Penfield, and I ain't her sister," the collector asked.

"No, you ain't Mrs. Penfield, and I ain't her sister," the collector asked.

"No, you ain't Mrs. Penfield, and I ain't her sister," the collector asked.

"No, you ain't Mrs. Penfield, and I ain't her sister," the collector asked.

"No, you ain't Mrs. Penfield, and I ain't her sister," the collector asked.

"No, you ain't Mrs. Penfield, and I ain't her sister," the collector asked.

"No, you ain't Mrs. Penfield, and I ain't her sister," the collector asked.

"No, you ain't Mrs. Penfield, and I ain't her sister," the collector asked.

"No, you ain't Mrs. Penfield, and I ain't her sister," the collector asked.

DR. B. J. KENDALL'S

Quick Relief

FOR Aches and Pains

Young Female Clerk: "Let me show you some pretty stockings." Young Male Customer: "Now, now, that's not nice. Page 38—Carriage Tech. Pupper."

"Why did you tip that boy so hard, money when he gave you your coat?" "Look at the coat he gave me."—Record.

KIMBALL BROS. & CO. BETHEL, MAINE.

